

VOX COLLEGII



February, 1919



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY

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Vox Collegii

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"For san et haec elim meminisse juvabit."

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WHITBY, FEBRUARY, 1919

No. 2

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Editorial

WELCOME!

To our Valentine guests, the "old war-time girls" of our college, we extend a very hearty greeting. May you find as much pleasure in re-visiting your "alma mater" and in meeting us "new girls" as we find in knowing you, and in welcoming you here. We want you to enjoy every minute of your visit. We know we're going to like you—and we hope you'll like us!

Somehow, it seems as though this great struggle through which we have just passed, and which has surely left its mark upon us all, in one way or another, must create a bond between us all—a bond stronger, even, and more subtle than that arising from the fact that we are all O.L.C. girls. Don't you feel it,

too? We have come through four epoch-making years together—we can never forget them, can we?—and now, at the end, we feel that the strain and the sorrow of those years have drawn us together in some indefinable way. Let us make that bond stronger, then, girls "old" and "new," by making this reunion one long to be remembered; and by joining hands and hearts to meet the future, as we have met the past—courageously.

"SCHOOL SPIRIT."

Just what do we mean when we utter that small phrase, so fraught with meaning, yet so difficult to define? Our voices involuntarily take on an exalted, rather prideful intonation and we draw ourselves up to our full height of, say,

five feet, five-and-a-half (more or less!)—why? First, to account for the exaltation: does not that quality invariably characterize our voices, when we speak of the finer, nobler elements in life? It is our unconscious acknowledgment of their worth. And I think we will all agree that school-spirit is undoubtedly one of the higher elements in the life which we lead here at college. And the pride? Well, does it not proceed from a happy consciousness that *we*, here at O.L.C., know the meaning of that phrase and appreciate it to its fullest extent? It is certainly to be hoped so. For, without school-spirit, school life would hardly be worth the living. And is life around here worth while? Well, we should just *say* so!

Someone says, "Oh, dear! I don't like the way this thing is done," or, "Why on earth don't 'they' do that?" or "Such-and-such a thing could be improved." Why, to be sure it could! But why only *say* so? Why not start in and do a little improving "on our own," as the boys say? Take, for example, our deplorable lack of a really good school song—we hope Mr. Atkinson is reading this! also any of the girls who possess a flicker of poetic genius—and a right royal school yell. We could undoubtedly do full justice to both, judging by our vocal activities in other directions! Are we, then, lacking in creative genius? Let's prove that we're not—"for the honour of the school!"

Another splendid way of displaying our school-spirit is to take an interest and, if possible, an active part in all the activities in connection with the school. Be right "*in things*"—it's so much more fun than watching from the outside. If there's a concert, let's go down prepared to enjoy it from beginning to end. If

there's a party in the gym, let's go call on all our friends, collect a costume, and trot along. We're missing all kinds of fun if we don't—that is to say, we *would* be missing all kinds of fun if we *didn't*, for of course we do, don't we? And that's just another phase of school-spirit. There's still another, too, that we beg permission to mention—and we warn you, dear readers, that we're becoming quite personal!—that is, subscribing to, and contributing to, our "*Vox*." The success of the paper depends almost entirely upon your interest in it, and your support. You've been perfectly splendid so far—may we take this opportunity of thanking you, and of gently hinting that you "keep it up?" It's "school-spirit," you know! We want a *Vox* of which we may, as a school, be justifiably proud, for, after all, is not "being proud" of our school as a whole, and of each and every department in the school, the essence of school-spirit? What would we do if we should hear someone make a dubious remark about O.L.C.? Why we'd simply *bristle*! And the misguided one would not make more than one remark to that effect. We would suddenly discover ourselves to be possessed of a hitherto unsuspected eloquence, and we'd astonish ourselves and overwhelm our hearers with a perfect flood of evidence which must needs prove indisputably that O.L.C. is the very best school in the world! Why not sit back and let them say what they please? What difference does it make to us? Why, all the difference in the world; but we can't tell you just *why*—except that there's "something inside" that simply would not let us keep quiet if we should hear people saying even indifferent things about our school. Well, don't let us try to keep quiet. Can you imagine what

Canada would be like without her ardent young patriotism? Well, that's what O.L.C. would be like without school spirit. In that case, it's up to us to be "patriots," isn't it?—every last one of us.

THE WEATHER.

Generally the last resort in a lagging conversation, is it not? But we consider that Mr. Weather-Man has been behaving himself lately in a manner well-calculated to merit a space in our estimable columns. Whoever *heard* of a winter such as this has been? It's a disgrace to any self-respecting Weather-Man. Not an inch of snow, and scarcely a degree of frost! We repeat, it's disgraceful! Our rink, which looked so promising when we returned after the holidays, has degenerated into a pathetic conglomeration of half-frozen puddles and patches of hopeless-looking grass; while our skates and snowshoes and nice new sweaters and things languish underneath our beds. So much for our cherished visions of long tramps over the fields, of glorious afternoons spent tobogganing, and (sh! in your ear!) perhaps of ourself as the doughty heroine of many a thrilling hockey game!

We sincerely hope Mr. Weather-Man will read this pathetic tale, and have the grace to feel ashamed of himself. For his edification, we'll remark that it may not be too late, even now, to redeem himself, if he goes to work immediately and in earnest.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT—The fact has just been brought to our notice that there is a remote chance of there being ten feet of snow and forty degrees of frost in evidence by the time this paper comes into the hands of its readers. In that case, we hereby take occasion to humbly beg Mr. Weather-Man's pardon, and to take back all our nasty remarks. But if there is no marked improvement by that time, we are glad we made them!

The stories appearing in this issue are two of a number of stories which have been written in response to the appeal of *Vox*. The notice was short and the writers regret, etc., etc. Nevertheless, we are very grateful for their co-operation. Other ones will appear in later issues. The awards will be announced in the next number.

The Value of Physical Education

R. H. WALKER, Physical Director.

Physical Education is one of the most important innovations in our modern educational system. It is fast becoming recognized as one of the most essential and valuable branches of study for both girls and boys. Years ago anyone mentioning the physical in conjunction with the intellectual would have been considered a bit queer. Sport there was, no doubt, but it could never be brought within the sacred pale of education.

Physical education is made up of several departments; regular gymnastic work including apparatus, folk and æsthetic dancing for girls, swimming and games; and not the least of these is games or sport proper.

The aim of all modern education is or should be a well-trained mind in a well-trained body. Consequently the aim of physical education is first and foremost to get that well-trained body. Without

a body which is healthy and able to respond to demands made upon it by life, of what use is the mind, however brilliant, or however well-trained? It is true that a few people have been outstanding examples of how great the mind can be even though crippled by a weak and useless body; but think how much more those persons could have accomplished had they been equipped with a healthy body.

It is a fact beyond question that exercise makes for health. Weak and flabby muscles are made strong and firm by constant use. When a muscle is being used it requires oxygen in greater quantity than when at rest. Consequently the lungs are forced to respond by deeper respiration, and the heart must beat faster and harder in order to pump the blood, the carrier of oxygen to the muscles. A double benefit is the result—a strong heart and a larger lung capacity—which means more energy and more resistance to disease germs.

Not only does physical work add to one's health, and the development of the body, but also in no small degree to the development of the mind. The brain controls, or should control, the body. How often is this not the case! Ask someone who believes that there is no mental exertion in physical work, to follow you through an intricate dumb-bell exercise, and see if he isn't convinced. It may be even impossible for him to do it simply because, through lack of control, he cannot have different sets of muscles working at the same time. Our bodies are meant to be not our masters but our servants. So if we are to have perfect control over all parts of the body, we must strive to make stronger the connection between our brain and our muscles. This can only be accomplished by constant exercise. It is not enough to have acquired the control once. It must be kept up to standard by practice. A strong athlete can allow himself to become flabby and to have no control by simply doing nothing. By physical education we seek to gain this control for our students, thus enabling

them to make demands on their bodies otherwise impossible. Equipped with a strong and healthy body under perfect control, a girl or boy is well ready for life and its problems.

It may be argued that girls and boys get sufficient exercise in their ordinary play life. It is true that there is a certain amount of exercise in play. This you see by comparing the strong healthy girl who loves out-door fun, with the girl who prefers to sit indoors and read novels. Play is rather spasmodic, though, and is apt to develop only certain parts of the body while neglecting others.

The spirit of play is essential to physical education, however, and consequently we find more and more stress being laid on organized games, making them actually an integral part of physical training. They unite vigorous exercise with a relaxed mind. This means rest for tired nerves. You may come out of a game physically tired, but you feel no strained nerves, and after an hour's rest you are as fresh as can be.

Not only do games provide vigorous healthy exercise; they play a still more important part. When a girl learns to be a member of a team, learns to sink her individuality into the individuality of the team, learns to play not for her own glory, but for the success of the team, she is learning lessons which will help her throughout life. A spirit of co-operation is created which will make it easier for her to adapt herself later on to working with other people. At the present crisis in the world's history it is evident how very important and essential this spirit of co-operation is. Parties can drop their differences, nations can leave in abeyance old quarrels, and all unite for one purpose.

Another quality developed by games is the spirit of fair play. It can not be emphasized too much that sport is essentially clean and fair. Any underhanded attempts at trickery are discountenanced. When girls and boys learn to be fair and square on a basket-ball or foot-ball field, will that not inevitably have an effect on their lives? The results

of foul playing are shown up sooner or later in sport, and the principles of clean

playing and clean living inculcated into the minds of our young people.

Relation of Psychology to Music

BY G. D. ATKINSON.

It is not difficult to recognize that to-day there is going on a quiet but far-reaching revolution in methods of teaching and studying music. This change is not temporary or evanescent, for it grows out of fundamental principles; so that the public of to-day are beginning to approach the whole subject of musical education from quite an altered viewpoint. To quote from a modern writer—"Progress in musical education has lagged behind chiefly on account of two extreme and radically wrong views as to the nature of music; first, that music is almost exclusively a matter of practice, and secondly, that it belongs to the realm of pure genius, in which no rules and principles are to be recognized. But music, on the one hand, is more than practice, more than finger gymnastics; on the other hand, it is not the exclusive prerogative of the so-called genius, whatever that may mean—geniuses in the proper sense of the word. It is a great mistake to suppose that the ability to read notes, together with a certain amount of vocal and digital skill, constitutes a musical education. According to the present conception, a musical education includes a fair degree of acquaintance with numerous allied subjects, such as aesthetics, acoustics, physiology, literature, history of music, biography, in short, all the numerous elements relating to music as an art, both theoretical and practical. A well taught music pupil must know not only how to read well, to finger correctly, and even to play a modern sonata or fantasia, with a degree of artistic skill, but he must also have a sufficiently broad and thorough general culture to enable him to judge correctly concerning the ethical and aesthetical meaning of the composition he plays. Not only the fingers and hands and voice, but also the mind must be well trained.

There is a demand for a broader intellectual foundation for the study of music. The expansive and strengthening and sharpening influence of knowledge is needed quite as much for the calling of a musician as for any other calling. Whatever adds to our general power of efficiency adds just so much to our musical ability and resources."

It is not so many years ago that the musical profession was not able to take its place in public opinion with the other professions, and the reason was not far to seek. A child who exhibited natural tendencies in a musical direction, was developed almost exclusively along this line, often receiving but a mere smattering of what we would call a general education. As soon as the unfortunate individual had emerged from the "youthful prodigy" stage he found himself pitchforked into the world with almost everything lacking from an emotional and intellectual standpoint. The result was often unfortunate, for naturally, to say the least, there was lacking the balance and poise which comes from a broader development.

In later years the situation is quite changed. Parents have realized the extreme importance of the intellectual development of their children, even though their chosen specialty may not call for the academical qualifications which, for instance, law or medicine demand. So that, generally speaking, the musician of to-day is not only well schooled in his own line of effort, but we find many who may also even be considered specialists in other lines, with their chosen life's work distinctly benefiting thereby.

One does not need to go far afield to find notable examples of this broad development. For instance, Paderewski is well known as a distinguished scholar, and, latterly, his speeches in English are

models of searching eloquence. Josef Hoffman, too, besides his well-known scholarly qualifications is at the same time a mechanical genius, and, coming nearer home, we find many of our own musicians possessed of a measure of general culture and education comparing favorably with the attainments of members of the so-called "learned professions."

Quoting again:—"In regard to methods of teaching music the change now going on is just as radical. Many of the old ways and ideas are discarded, not only because they are found wanting, but because they are positively vicious as being contrary to the nature of mind as well as of muscles and nerves. The demand of the present is that methods of music teaching be based on sound pedagogical and rational principles. This movement in regard to musical education is only part of a much broader movement in general education, for musical education rests on the same principles as any other branch of education. What has brought about the change of which we speak? Chiefly, the study of Psychology. Psychology is now regarded as the fundamental science, the science which must shape the methods of studying and teaching every other subject. Correct scientific knowledge of the mind and of its several modes of activity, together

with knowledge of the nervous system, is at the bottom of everything pertaining to methods and substances of educational work. Teaching became a science and assumed a normal and rational form only as psychology furnished the motive and prepared the way. Pedagogical science rests on knowledge of the mind, whether applied to the learning or teaching of subjects. In recent days it has come to be understood that psychology stands in most important relation to music and the study of music. The subject is rapidly growing into favour among music students and teachers all over the country, as may easily be inferred from current musical literature. The signs of the times indicate that along this line are to be achieved the best results of progress for the years to come. Psychology is gradually making its way into the conservatories of the country and is rapidly transforming the traditional courses of study and methods of teaching."

The successful teacher of to-day, whether or not he has made a special study of psychology or the relation of psychology to music, must needs employ sound psychological principles in connection with his work. How invaluable, then, to the ambitious teacher of music, is at least an elemental knowledge of this vitally important subject.

Barbara Explains

By MARJORIE SCOTT, Junior Class.

"Barbara, can you tell me what's got into Maude? Here she is twelve years old and mooning around this house as though she were eighteen in the first throes of puppy-love. She drives me to distraction." Thus spoke my husband, as he sat down wearily, after being rejected in his offer to play a noisy bed-time game of rough-house, with my eldest daughter. This was, he decided, the last straw and he had to find a way out of it. He could not understand why Maude would prefer to sit and think,

rather than play a game with daddy at bed-time.

"Oh!" I laughed, softly, "I was wondering when you were going to awaken to the fact that your daughter has, in school-girl vernacular, a very bad case of 'crush'!"

"Crush?"

"Of course!"

"Never heard of it?"

"Well, having never been to boarding-school (I mean a girl's) you wouldn't be expected to understand."

"The dictionary meaning—to squeeze so as to force out of the natural shape—is entirely, or almost entirely, lost, in the way the school girl has twisted the meaning. Of course, in one way it still retains its dictionary meaning, but that is in the sense that it is the *mind* of the girl which is squeezed and distorted out of its natural shape."

"Heart? No—o! I don't think the heart is affected, not in a crush, which is as different as possible to a pure friendship. It's the mind of the girl which becomes distorted. Oh, yes, the afflicted one thinks she has a serious affair of the heart; 'never *could* forget?' 'It's a real love and *can't* die?' and these protestations of the girls are made over and over, till their hearers begin to wish it would—and that soon. It's all sentimental school-girl, and puppy-love nonsense."

"What? Not so hard on the school-girl? Or—oh—I see, on the puppy-love? Well—we'll let that pass. I'm not sympathizing with Maude's feelings, not in the least; she must get over it, and that right soon, but I'm just explaining to her bewildered father, what is affecting her."

"In this 'crush-fever,' as we used to call it at boarding-school, there are three stages. The first might be called the infectious stage, or that in which one girl sees another, having a good time, apparently—for she can't see the turmoil in her mind—and this girl has a 'crush.' That must account for her superior happiness, and *outward* contentment. This is the way she argues in her sentimental head."

"Am I taking this from experience? Yes, Hugh, I am, bitter experience if you like, but I'd say bitter-sweet, for when you're young, you find some of its sweet. It's when you're older that the real force of all the bitterness in it appears to you. In this case it's little Frances Long who put it into Maude's head. I always *told* you I didn't want Maude with her, for she's a sentimental, foolish little girl. Yes, I know you need her father in your business, but see what it's done?"

"Do I see? Yes! I see, Babs," groaned

my husband, who had seen his tom-boy pet turn into a silent, sighing, sentimental girl. "Oh yes! I *see* alright!"

"Well, to proceed, Maude has caught it, you might say, and a bad case it is. It gets worse and worse, and now she's heading rapidly for the stage where she'll go round, looking big-eyed and tragic, and wondering, to herself and everyone who will listen, if Miss So and So likes her. She'll fairly moan that thought at every listener, till people will keep out of her way. Soon, my incredulous husband," for he was looking rather dazed by now, "soon she will begin to send flowers to her, they *always* do that."

"Not if you know it! Well, I guess she will, it's the quickest cure. No Hugh, now listen, argument and threatenings do no good; they only make the girl feel she's misjudged, which is fatal—keep still just a minute—they, as I have said, do absolutely no good. She'll send flowers, and she'll send a lot, till she begins to wonder how far her gifts are getting her in the adored one's eyes, for it is a sort of adoration. When it's a pure case of crush, no real friendship, the adored one doesn't care a rap, in fact, it bores and annoys her. Crushes will not wear, Hugh, it's only real friendship that will stand the tests; friendships *have* to stand invariably."

"Yes, I know you've lost, or seemed to have lost your little girl, but she'll soon come to, and feel ashamed of herself. This last stage of the fever is, I should say, the hardest part of all to bear. It will reach Maude in about two week's time, I imagine, when she will begin to realize what kind of a disease she had."

"I *have* to use strong language, Hugh, for she *is* diseased. Her mind is so distorted and filled with sentimentality, that the 'crush' takes the form of a malignant disease, no more, no less, as far as lookers on are concerned."

"As I was saying when you interrupted—Hugh, stop!—As I was saying, the last stage is where they realize there *is* a bitter part to it. If they could only see as clearly as I do now.—if I could only have seen when I was young, the bitter

part of it; if they could see the change in their daily living. They lose play-mates, and that leaves nothing to do but adore the loved one from afar, very much from afar. Then the worrying fear which possesses the child's mind, wondering what they think of her, makes her fretful and unreasonable. Oh, no! they don't see the bitterness of that, the only bitterness they see is when their passion, for passion, and a very unreasonable one it is, begins to flicker. Of course she can't understand why she doesn't thrill to every word and touch, and she still sends flowers, but she begins to wonder if the girls are laughing at her, or if she isn't silly to spend so much of her money on flowers, when she might be having things herself. For the school-girl ordinarily thinks of self, and soon the omission of the sweets, because of the shortage of pocket money, because of sending flowers, will mean so much, that they'll add a certain tameness to the enterprise of keeping *her* in flowers, etc."

"Small? It may be, but self helps quite a bit in the cure."

"Then, gradually, the child's mind will regain its same healthy routine of thinking, and the thought of the 'crush'

will bring a blush to her face, and a thought to her mind. 'How could I ever have had a crush on her?' That's all I know, except that in two weeks' time you may expect again the bed-time romp with Maude."

"Oh for two weeks with wings," fervently breathed Hugh, and he put away his pipe which he only smokes when under great stress of emotion, while I—well I expressed a heartfelt, silent wish, that Maude could learn from one experience, instead of a series of them, that a 'crush' never did anything towards making one happy—while true friendships—

"Well!" remarked my husband, as we started upstairs, following so closely on my own thoughts that I was rather taken by surprise, "Well, I do hope this is the first and last," very fervently, "and that she'll learn by this, to distinguish true friendships from a feeling, you named as a 'crush' which lowers their ideals and makes them and others miserable." And with a quick return to his eager, boyish way of speaking, when thinking of Maude—"Let's go and see if she's tucked in—and kiss the little lost tom-boy good-night!"

Another War Story

BY JEAN LEISHMAN.

"Certainly, there is plenty of room for girls like you who want to go and nurse in France," answered the sister in charge to an enquiry, "Here, put this uniform on."

To timid little Daphne this news was almost too good to be true. The ambition of her life—fourteen long years—was being realized! To be a nurse and really help! Could it be a fact? But she was hustled about so that she did not have time to wonder and soon began to believe she had never done anything else but run around with sick-trays, basins and hot water bottles.

Before she realized where or how she got there she was in France, right in the

midst of terrible suffering. She was conscious of a steady thunder and of a sense of danger, but was too busy to stop and analyze it.

The wounded, walking and on stretchers, kept coming in in a continuous stream; but suddenly they stopped and she wondered why the sisters were so perturbed. The tramp, tramp of many feet was heard from outside, and Daphne ran to look, but was detained by three gray-clad figures with fixed bayonets who marched her unceremoniously back to the now empty ward where they rudely pushed her against the wall and remarked complacently that she would be able to supply them with the informa-

tion they wanted. Then only did she realize she was facing Germans, and heard herself say, in a clear voice, "I will tell you nothing."

The three men laughed and sneered at this and inferred that at the point of a bayonet or even a pistol she would not withhold any news.

Heavy steps were heard, and the men turning, simply stood at attention. The door opened, and Daphne saw another gray-uniformed figure and could tell by the men's attitude that this was a Prus-

sian officer. Many questions were asked of her, and finally the officer said something to the effect that she did not know anything so might as well be shot and so off their hands. Sick terror seized Daphne and she cried out for mercy!

"Why daughter! what is it?"

"The Germ—! mother! where are the?"

"Too much Christmas cake for you, Daphne. I will know better another time."

Lecture Recital

The third program of our regular lecture course took the form of a dramatic reading of "Twelfth Night." We were particularly fortunate this year in having President Southwick, of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, with us over Sunday and Monday. President Southwick is a generous giver, and during his stay we were able to welcome him to the class-room and to our social life as well as to profit by his Sunday evening address and Monday evening recital.

The Sunday evening address was based upon the text: "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." For an hour the speaker held the attention of the audience while he pointed out the lasting and permanent qualities of kindness and fair play the substantial asset of tolerance and sympathy, and the importance of looking at all matters with an open mind; or the vital importance of constructive criticism. From a broad experience the speaker draws his illustrative material which gives force and point to his discourse, thereby presenting a subject which would interest scholars, in a pleasing manner before the young.

On Monday morning our guest visited the Expression class and gave a forty-five minute lecture on: "The Evolution of Expression," which was both

appreciated and enjoyed. Visits of this sort are rare in this department, and therefore much valued. A similar visit was made to the class in English literature, where the lecture was on "The relative positions of Shakespeare, Browning and Tennyson."

The important feature of this interesting week-end was the dramatic interpretation of "Twelfth Night." It was an expectant audience that assembled in the Concert Hall on Monday evening, February 3rd, and no one went away disappointed. The wonderful portrayal of the various characters in this Dramatic Comedy was a source of wonder to all. From the uproarious Sir Toby Belch to the modest reserved Viola, there is indeed a wide range and through the clear characterization it was a very easy matter to recognize each character as the lines were read. Malvolio, with his assumed importance, and the silly Sir Andrew Aguecheek, were greeted each time with merriement and applause. At the end of the program President Southwick responded to a hearty recall by doing what he called, "A piece of pure nonsense." This caused much laughter, and a most enjoyable and profitable program was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

—Y. W. C. A.—

The Christmas bazaar which was looked forward to with so much pleasure was opened by Miss Maxwell on the 7th of December in the Common Room.

The Common Room held three beautifully decorated booths and a fish pond, which made fishing quite in vogue. A fire at each end of the room made it quite cheerful.

The candy booth was decorated in black and white and delicious candy was sold in attractive Christmas boxes.

The fancy booth which was decorated in mauve and white displayed the skilled handiwork of the students and faculty in the many lovely articles.

In the corner stood the athletic booth with its delicious punch, to say nothing of the home-made doughnuts which were assimilated very quickly.

Across the hall in the drawing room dainty little maids were anxiously awaiting your order for some delicious tea and salad or cake and ice cream which were served in the tea room. On each table was a bouquet of sunset roses and the daintiest of menu cards told of the most delicious things to eat.

Of course everyone had tea, just to

have a peep into the future with Miss Ball, who was certainly kept busy.

Some spent a few minutes around the witch's pot for the same purpose.

Certainly the bazaar proved a great success and surpassed all the girls' expectations, in the clearing of \$134.

Our last Sunday evening before Xmas was spent very enjoyably together in the singing of Christmas Carols and anthems.

We enjoyed very much having the Reverend Mr. Turkington from Whitby speak to us on "Realizing Our Opportunities."

Canon Headley spoke to us on the war and on our part in the making of Canada ready for the return of our soldiers. It was one of the most inspiring addresses to which we have ever listened.

Dr. and Mrs. McGillivray who are missionaries in China were with us for the week end. Dr. McGillivray spoke to us on Sunday night and certainly we enjoyed it. We are very sorry they are going to leave Canada so soon for the mission field in China where they have been for thirty years.

M. C.

—Music—

As Mr. Atkinson's Studio Club has not had a meeting since Christmas, the only report that can be made is that the work is going along quite as satisfactorily as before.

We all miss Miss Elizabeth Walls, who left us at Christmas time, but hope that she will be very happy in her new work. The Committee of the Club met shortly after Christmas, and elected Miss Mar-

garet Ross to take Miss Walls' place as treasurer of the Club.

The money which Mr. Atkinson's Studio Club made at its afternoon tea in the late fall has been very profitably spent in furnishings for the Studio. The mahogany "grandad" chair, straight-back chair, table, piano-lamp, and the shade which Mrs. Atkinson so kindly made for the lamp, together with the

new rug on the floor, all give a very homelike appearance to the Studio.

On the evening of December 11th the members of the Choral Class elected their officers for the year. They are as follows:

President—Miss Vivian Alcock.

First Vice-Pres.—Miss O. Woodman.

Second Vice-Pres.—Miss D. Morden.

Sec.-Treas.—Miss Hazel Taylor.

A short musical programme followed the elections, Miss V. Alcock and Mr. Blight being the soloists of the evening. Every number was enjoyed by all, but the favourite of nearly everyone was, "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree," which Mr. Blight sang magnificently.

MR. KIHLMAN'S RECITAL.

On the evening of December 11th Mr. Viggo Kihl, the Danish pianist, gave a recital in the Concert Hall of the College. Mr. Kihl has been connected with the Toronto Conservatory of Music for five years, and is a well equipped artist.

His programme was a student's programme, for the most part made up of familiar selections from the Classics; and it was practically a recital for musical students. Mr. Kihl kindly annotated the programme as it progressed, and

this added to its interest and value.

The programme was as follows:

Bach—Prelude and Fugue in C Minor.

Well-tempered Clavichord, Vol. 1 No. 2.

Bach—Prelude and Fugue in C sharp

Major, Vol. 1, No. 3.

Beethoven—Sonata, Opus 26.

Andante con Variations.

Scherzo—Molto Allegro.

Marcia Junebre—Maestose Andante Allegro.

Schubert—Impromptu B flat Major, op. 142, No. 3.

Schuman—Nocturne, op. 23, No. 4.

Mendelssohn—Rondo Capriccioso.

Chopin—Ballade, A flat Major.

Berceuse, D flat, op. 57.

Polonaise, A flat Major, op. 53.

Albeniz—Irving.

Rubinstein—Barcarolle, G Minor.

Moszkowski—La Jongleuse.

Liszt—Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2.

Every number was greatly appreciated, the Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, being perhaps the favourite. And we assure Mr. Kihl, that, though he has had many larger audiences, he has never had a more appreciative one, and his evening will long be remembered by the students of O.L.C.

N. M.

LITERARY

LA POUDRE AUX YEUX.

On Friday evening, January 17th, an expectant audience filled the concert hall to see the long-anticipated French play, *La Poudre aux Yeux*, by Labiche and Martin, which was put on by the first year University students. We were rather timid at first, for our French vocabulary is very limited, but when Miss Granger had given us an outline of the play and the characters, the curtain rose and we beheld good Dr. Malingear, his worthy wife, and Emmeline, the dainty daughter of the house, and watched the

arrival of the handsome musician, Frederic, our intuition, assisted by Miss Granger's explanation, told us that the young people were in love. The play told the story of the difficulties they encountered in their love-making.

What a time they had! Although we could only understand a word here and there, the clever gestures and acting made the meaning unmistakable. According to the French custom, the parents of the couple had to make all the arrangements for the engagement, and we watched with the greatest interest and laughed as Frederic's mother called

at the Malingears', ostensibly, on business, but really to observe the social position and accomplishments of her future daughter-in-law. What a scurry there was to make the drawing-room elegant and impressive to the eyes of Mme Ratinois! How frantically Emmeline and Alexandrine, the maid, struggled to arrange Mme. Malingear's hair and cap into a stylish and genteel position! More humorous still was the scene when M. Ratinois came to consult Dr. Malingear about his feeble state of health, and was ceremoniously announced as "Patient number sixteen!" Dr. Malingear's patients were very few and far between, but he impressively examined M. Ratinois and declared him free from any form of disease and he left under the delusion that the father of Frederic's choice was a clever and wealthy surgeon. In the following scene we most certainly appreciated the situation when, just as Sophie, the brawny, good-tempered cook, was demonstrating to her mistress the merits of the cabbages she had just brought from market, M. and Mme. Ratinois arrived to ask for the hand of Emmeline!

Act II took place entirely at the home of the Ratinois'. It first introduced us to their rich, hearty old Uncle Robert and his kindly desire to please everyone. Then came the scene in which Dr. and Mme. Malingear called to make further arrangements for the betrothal, and the Ratinois tore the cotton covers from their furniture and threw them in frantic haste into the corners of the room. M. Ratinois hospitably invited the guests to dine with him that evening. Immediately all was excitement in the Ratinois' household. In their desire to outstrip the style of the Malingears they borrowed liveried servants and called in the services of a noted chef to prepare the meal. Although each family had promised the other that the affair would not be formal, the ladies vied with each other in the gorgeousness of their evening gowns, and a negro servant announced the visitors.

Then came the crisis. Malingear and

Ratinois, left alone together, began to quarrel about the amount of Emmeline's dowry. But, just at the critical moment, when we were beginning to hold our breath for fear the young couple's engagement would come to a tragic and sudden close, the good-hearted Uncle Robert, carrying an open-faced, old-fashioned pie, appeared and saved the situation. After setting the pie carefully on the table, he began to explain to the fathers their duty to their children, and pointed out their foolishness in haggling over money. They realized their mistake and finally each revealed to the other his true position. The others returned to the room and, while all was explanation and confusion for a moment, Frederic and Emmeline found themselves talking together at last. Uncle Robert, although he did eat with his knife and dress in a rather peculiar way, was a very tactful old gentleman, and at this auspicious moment he added to the general rejoicing by promising his nephew, Frederic, a handsome dowry. Before they could thank him enough, dinner was announced, and the two families joyfully adjourned.

The last scene was very, very short, yet all of us sat breathless till it was over. There were two people alone in the centre of the stage. Frederic's arm was about Emmeline, and with his other hand, he was placing on her finger a sparkling diamond.

We sighed as the curtain fell. Our ears tingled with the unfamiliar sound of the evening's conversation. In our brains were confused figures of gorgeously dressed women and borrowed servants, graceful gentlemen with fascinating little moustaches, and dainty French maids. But in our hearts we had a comfortable, satisfied feeling, for we were not Emmeline and Frederic to be "happy ever after?"

At the close of the play Miss Granger and Miss Walker were presented with beautiful bouquets of sunset roses in appreciation of their earnest and faithful work in preparing the play.

After this, the Malingears, the Ratinois,

ois, Uncle Robert, and all their servants and household adjourned to the Domestic Science room for some well-earned refreshment. The cast was as follows:
 Malingear Miss Walker
 Ratinois Dorothy Morden
 Uncle Robert Norma Moore
 Frederic Helen Hezzlewood
 Mme. Malingear Ruby Parkhouse
 Mme. Ratinois Dorothy Bayne
 Emmeline Dorothy Keough
 Un Maitre d' Hôtel Cort Reynolds
 Footman Jean Leishman
 Cook Cort Reynolds
 Maid Frances Richardson

Maid Edith McGillivray
 Negro Servant Dorothy Snider
 D. S.

PARLIAMENTARY.

We sincerely regret that owing to the various other events which have taken place since the New Year, the Prime Minister has been unable to arrange any Parliamentary Club meetings. We feel confident that when the first meeting is called all the members will be present with their usual enthusiasm.

K. B.

EXPRESSION

JUNIOR STUNT.

On January 10th the Junior Expression Class gave a very interesting programme, which took the form of an evening with Kipling.

The opening number was a sketch of Kipling's life given by Lila Willinsky. This sketch showed careful preparation and was listened to with attentive interest. Following this was "The Story of the Brushwood Boy" told by Lois Lockwood in a very pleasing manner. Story-telling is a new adventure for the junior girls but we feel that it is an effort in the right direction. The next number was the well known poem "If," given by Thelma Lockwood, with a marked appreciation of all the "Ifs" that stand in the way of progress. Reta Kerslake read with some spirit and appreciation one of the famous Just-So stories, "The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo." Perhaps the most entertaining feature of the evening was a sketch entitled "Poor Dear Mamma," from The Gadsbys, in which the entire class took part. The cast was as follows:
 Minnie Threegan Reta Kerslake
 Emma Deercourt Thelma Lockwood
 Poor Dear Mamma Lila Willinsky
 Captain Gadsby Lois Lockwood
 L'Envoi was the last number and was

read by Lila Willinsky, after which a beautiful bouquet of crimson carnations was presented to Miss Ball by the class.

The regular meeting of the Dramatic Art Club was held in the studio, January 29th, when the following new members were enrolled: Bernice Cook, Isabel Fairfield, Dorothy and Jean Leishman, Cort Reynolds, Gertrude Griesman, Kathleen Fox, and Margaret Potter. We hope that their work throughout the remainder of the year will prove both interesting and helpful. The club has also very much improved the appearance of their studio by the purchase of a new table and chairs.

On January 20th Lois Lockwood responded to an invitation to read for the Epworth League in Methodist Church in Whitby.

A recent letter from Winifred Symington, who is at present at Emerson College of Oratory, continuing her course in Expression, shows a full time-table and speaks of a busy life, alternating with hard work and real pleasure.

Miss Ball read "The God of the Open Air" at the Comradeship Club in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, January 26th.

L. L.

ART

The Senior Art students were very fortunate in being able to return from the Christmas vacation in the best of health, ready for the work of the long winter term. During January many studies have been made of antique heads in oil monochrome, with some water-colours of still life to break the monotony.

Those who come to look in at the studio now and then will have noticed three pencil sketches of seated figures with a persistent familiarity about them. No wonder! They are the three Seniors, who posed for one another, and that is the result.

We very much regret Jessie Lockwood's long illness and are very glad that she has at last recovered and returned.

The Art Club has had the pleasure of welcoming nine new members; and has also held the annual elections. The three officers are: Lila Willinsky, president; Cora Olmstead, vice-president; Mabel Olmstead, secretary-treasurer.

On January 25th Miss Wright and the Senior Class met at the Art Museum in Toronto to see the Loan Exhibition of paintings from the National Gallery, Ottawa. "The Connoisseur" by George Henry, A.R.A., R.S.A.; "The Morning Prayer" by Glyn Warren Philpot; "Mary" by Sir William Orpen, A.R.A., R.H.A., and the little watercolours by a native of our own province, Elizabeth A. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.W.S., were voted general favourites.

M. O.

Household Science

Mrs. Arnold.
 Gertrude SORby.
 Margaret McNabb.
 Ola BENnett.
 Dorothy Sorby.
 Addie STEwart.
 Estella KRibs.
 Anna Carse.

 Mary Sorby.
 Jean MCLelland.
 Dorothy LEishman.
 Helen HEzzlewood
 Viola GLEnn.
 BernICE Woods
 Ethel GEMmel.

The Domestic Science Club has been busy the last term. The seniors were

generous enough to cook a dinner for themselves which they all greatly enjoyed. I think the Christmas holidays did everybody good as they nearly all came back with good resolutions. The cooking classes have enjoyed making bread and pies. The whole school had to suffer one day when they were presented with chelsea buns at luncheon, made by the senior domestic class. But no one seemed to feel any ill effects. The sewing groups are doing their work with great care and will in time have a fine collection of useful articles. The club decided to raise a little money, so on Friday evening, January 24th, they held a Children's Party, which afforded everybody much pleasure. Some of the costumes were very novel and artistic. Chil-

dren's games such as the Farmer's in His Den, French Tag, were played. All took part in the dancing as well as the games. In the course of the evening candy, made by the senior domestic club, was sold in daintily tied packages of yellow paper and black cord, yellow and black being the colours of the club. Also

ice cream cones were sold. In all, the sum of fifteen dollars was realized. With the few expenses deducted, the girls hope to buy curtains, which some of the art class intend to stencil. Likewise some linen will be bought for the domestic science dining room.

H. H.



SOME GIRLS OF THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS.

Commercial

The Commercial Club held its last meeting before Christmas on December 11th, when Mr. Farewell gave us an informal talk on what he would consider an ideal business woman. All of us, I think, hope at some time to become one and we found him most interesting.

On Saturday, January 25th, a number of us walked to Oshawa with Miss Thompson for afternoon tea. It was a glorious day and all thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

We wish to extend, through the Vox a cordial welcome to our new members, Bessie Thompson and Marguerite Ross, and we wish them every success in their year.

The next meeting will be held on Tuesday, February 11th, for which we have challenged the Sophomore Class to a spelling match.

J. T. L., Sec.-Treas.



Mrs. Ada M. Courtice, of Toronto, addressed the V. O. N. in the High School on Tuesday evening, February 11th, the annual meeting of the Order.

Miss Lillian G. Wilson, owing to increased studio work, has resigned her position as soloist in the Bloor Street Presbyterian Church. Miss Wilson is singing in Brantford on February 6th with the Masonic Glee Club in the Grand Opera House.

Miss Rowell who recently came from Winnipeg to join the staff of Victoria College, will thus be near to her former home on the staff of the Ontario Ladies' College. Miss Rowell was recently entertained by Mrs. J. C. Robertson, a well known Toronto hostess, when Mrs. A. A. Fisher and Miss Elizabeth Fisher assisted.

An interesting feature of the next regular meeting of the Trafalgar Daughters, February 23rd, will be entertaining the College graduates and seniors at afternoon tea with Miss Courtice and Nursing Sisters of the Whitby Military Hospital as guests of honor.

Two transportation projects affecting beneficially the Ontario Ladies' College are the improvement of the Kingston Road through Whitby, as part of the Interprovincial Highway by the Ontario Government and the early completion by the Dominion Government by whom it has been acquired of the Toronto Eastern Railway, an electric radial, the first real one that Toronto will have, at present only partially constructed from Bowmanville through Whitby to Pickering.

A mass meeting attended by representatives from Toronto to Cobourg, under the auspices of the Whitby Board of Trade, filled the Music Hall on Friday night, January 31st. Unanimous action by resolutions was taken urging on both the federal and provincial governments immediate consideration of the desires of the communities interested and appointing Friday, February 7, for deputations from all these municipalities to wait on President D. B. Hanna, of the Canadian National Railways and the Premier, Sir William Hearst, with the view to accomplishing these highly desirable ends. A novel feature both of the meeting at Whitby and of the personnel of the deputations is the participation of ladies.

DEATH OF O.L.C. GRADUATE.

The death occurred recently of Miss Elizabeth Stover, a former student at the Ontario Ladies' College, and a well-known graduate, who made a reputation in musical circles, and was greatly beloved by all with whom she came in contact. The *Friend's Intelligencer*, of Philadelphia, published the following tribute to her memory:—

Always, from the days of early girlhood, she held an outstretched hand toward those who in society were situated below the great middle class. She sought the most natural way of understanding their problems so that true service might be given them and their needs most intelligently met.

One of the great expressions of her life concerning this cause was the devotion of her property at Queenston to a

camp for week end outings for working girls from Toronto and Buffalo. There she put forth her utmost endeavour to throw around them the atmosphere of home, of helpful comradeship.

For a very few recent years we have known her more intimately as Field Secretary of Genesee Yearly Meeting. Her vision for Genesee, with its unique situation claiming and uniting people of two great countries, was one which perhaps no one else has seen so magnificently.

The best memorial we could make to her would be to grow, through diligence and aspiration, to the fulfillment of that best which she saw for us.

The past few years her strength had been doubly taxed. To her work she gave a constant and absorbing devotion;

to her aged mother and her family, far across the continent, she longed to give the love and service that filled her every thought of them.

It was her passion of life to help, wherever there was a need.

Endowed with wonderful power, majestic, beautiful, visionary thought, a rarely altruistic soul, a marvelous capacity for selflessness, she gave to us, to the world, *all she had*—nothing she kept herself.

It was with the reckless daring of one who does not count the cost, but sees only a world to serve, that she gave always unhesitatingly of her precious store, until, too soon, it was spent, and death has come to her who has so often and with such simple grace ministered to us by inspired word and inspiring love.

C. O.; F. M.

Athletics

BASKETBALL GAME.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 28th, the gymnasium of O.L.C. was the scene of a hotly-fought contest between the Lower Frances and Main Halls. After perhaps the most exciting game of this season in the college schedule, the Mainers won by one point, with the score 20 to 19. This was the first time these teams had met, and great was the suspense. As the score indicates, the play was exceptionally even on both sides. During the first half, Lower Frances played a brilliant forward game. At half time the score stood 15 to 6 in their favour. Main evened up the score during the second half, and worked very fine combination. The players were as follows:

Main:—

Forwards—Mildred Carse and Irene Carse.

Guards—Helen Scott (captain), Dorothy Leishman.

Jumping centre—Hazel Taylor.

Side centre—Jean Leishman.

Lower Frances:—

Forwards—Bernice Woods (captain), Edith McGillivray.

Guards—Cort Reynolds, Phyllis Bell.

Jumping centre—Frances Stevens.

Side centre—Lauren Terryberry.

The game closes the first half of the schedule. Six return games are now to be played before the final result will be known. Rooters! turn out and cheer for your halls.

Six new toboggans have been purchased, but owing to the unfavourable weather we have not had a chance to make use of them.

Everyone is looking forward with interest to the swimming meet, which will take place on Saturday morning, February 15th.

Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the basketball game with St. Margaret's had to be postponed. It is now scheduled for Saturday, February 8th.

SENIOR TEAM.

Goals:—

Mildred Carse—First year on team; has a thorough understanding of the game, makes splendid shots. We are afraid that we are going to lose her, on account of her approaching examinations in music.

Irene Carse—First year on team, youngest member, very quick and a good forward.

Bernice Woods—Second year on team, plays a brilliant forward game. Very reliable; her balls are well placed.

Guards:—

Cort Reynolds—First year on team, keeps her head and guards well.

Helen Scott—First year on team,

plays a good defensive game. She should avoid falling as much as possible.

Frances Richardson—First year on team, stays by her opponent well, a good guard.

Centres:—

Hazel Taylor (Captain)—Second year on team, an exceptionally quick player, proves to be an enthusiastic captain.

Laureen Terryberry—First year on team, plays a fast game, has a good eye and gets the ball.

Frances Stevens—First year on team, height gives her an advantage, plays good combination, but must watch her guarding.

Louise Burns (Spare)—First year, jumps well and always is sure of the ball.

B. W.

Exchanges

Thirty letters to sister colleges have been sent out, asking for magazine exchanges, and we are glad to be able to say in this issue that a number of replies have been received.

In some cases we have been answered by magazines, in others by letter, saying either a copy of their magazine has been sent or that they do not edit a magazine. We have had replies from Toronto, Montreal and New Brunswick only, yet.

The Vox Lycei from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute is a splendidly edited magazine, and has some very good head-

ings in it, also some good caricatures of different members of the staff and student body.

St. Margaret's has sent us the graduating number of their magazine called *The Chronicle*. It is interesting and has fine photographs of all the girls in residence.

Branksome Hall publishes once a year at Easter. This magazine is called the *Branksome Slogan*. It is one of the best magazines we have received, and are very glad to exchange with it.

PERSONALS

The college extends a hearty welcome to the following new girls:

Estelle Kribs comes to us from Hespler and is taking both Junior and Senior Domestic.

Marguerite Ross comes from Port

Robinson and is taking music and a commercial course.

Bessie Thompson comes from St. Julien and is taking commercial work and music.

Margaret Potter is a resident of Tottenham and is taking music and expression.

Berneice Breeze comes from Chatsworth and is taking music and English.

Kathleen Fox comes from Montreal and is specializing in music.

We welcome back Ruth Blaisdell and Aleda Mitchell.

NOTES REGARDING THE WHEREABOUTS OF 1917-18 STUDENTS.

Edith Abercrombie is attending the Wesley College, Winnipeg.

Grace Brittonal is a day pupil at Moulton College, Toronto.

Gwen Cameron is spending the winter in Florida.

Helen Campbell has been attending the Stratford Business College.

Marion Caswell is attending Victoria College, Toronto.

Hilda Dawson is going to Ottawa Ladies' College.

Helen De Pencier is attending Oakwood High School, Toronto.

Marjorie De Pencier is training in the General Hospital, Toronto.

Ethel De Witt is attending a nursing school in Chicago.

Beth Griffin is in a drug store in Hamilton preparing to enter school of Pharmacy.

Lorna Hazel is in a bank in Hamilton.

Jeanette Higginbotham is teaching Domestic Science in Nelson.

Dorothy Johnson is attending Business College in Brandon.

Olive Lampman is visiting her sister in Regina.

Grace Linton is attending the Normal School in Toronto.

Florence McGillivray is in Washington.

Lydia Major is working in an R.A.F. office in Toronto.

Joy Merritt is attending Newmarket High School.

Anne Phillips is going to Jarvis Collegiate in Toronto.

Dorothy Phillips is taking her first year University in Toronto.

Hellen Pulling is taking her first year University in Toronto.

Edith Roach is attending a Business College in Toronto.

Ruth Shipman is training in Toronto General Hospital.

Irene Tarlton is working in an office in Toronto.

Beatrice Lukes is working in a bank in Toronto.

Marjorie Walton is taking her first year University work in Toronto.

Alma Wilson is in an office in St. Louis.

The following girls are residing at home: Dorothy Andrews, Verona Cross, Lois Dixon, Jean Dawson, Muriel Golden, Norma Henderson, Felicia Holmes, Lucile and Marjorie Inglis, Margaret Lundy, Alice Lunney, Marjorie McGowan, Elnora McLelland, Alma McMahon, Lillian Martinson, Helen Partridge, Miriam Rice, Hilda Squires, Lucy Robertson, Marcelle Smith, Rena Thomas.

Emily Simpson, Gertrude Sorby, Jessie Lockwood, Margaret McNabb were detained after the holidays on account of illness.

We all regret very much that Elizabeth Walls has left the college. The best wishes of the students follow her in her new work in the Buffalo Homeopathic Hospital.

On account of severe illness Marie Harvey was unable to return. We wish her a speedy recovery.

We were very sorry that Grace Lander had to return to her home in Oshawa on account of her father's illness.

Owing to ill health Grace Elliot and Delta Jeffreys will not return.

We were all sorry to hear of Evelyn Fellows' severe illness, and we hope she is recovering.

Ruby Parkhouse has been absent the last couple of weeks on account of her aunt's illness. We hope she will soon return.

Freedra Myles spent the week end of January 17th in the city.

January 18th Hazel Taylor and Jean Leckenby spent the day in Toronto.

The following spent the week end of Jan. 24th in the city: Miss Wright, Miss Chantler, Miss Granger, Lila Wilinski, Marjorie Scott, Margaret Blaisdell, Laureen Terryberry, Cora and Mabel Olmstead, Phyllis Bell, Pearl Burnham, Vida Luno, Mary and Dorothy Sorby, Freedra Moulton.

Toronto saw a number of the girls

during the week end of January 31st: Margaret Ewen, Helen Scott, Helen Hezzlewood, Berneice Woods, Hazel Taylor, Francis Richardson, Lillian Mulholland, Irene Piper, Helen Luke, Winnifred Hambly, Mildred Cole, also Miss Walker, Miss Emsley, Miss Thompson and Mrs. Arnold.

Reta Kerslake spent the week end in Whitby.

During the week end of January 24th Miss Parks, of Oshawa, was the guest of Mrs. Arnold, and Miss Lillian Breckell, of Toronto, the guest of Pearl Jones.

We were pleased to have Helen Millay call on us a few weeks ago.

We were very glad to have Donalda Vyse, the guest of Jessie Buckingham, with us over the week end of January 31st.



ODDS AND ENDS



True wit is like a brilliant stone,

Dug from the Indian mine,
Which boasts two different pow'rs in one
To cut as well as shine.

Teacher—"You are not working, what have you come to school for?"

Pupil—"To learn history."

Teacher—"Well, why don't you study it?"

Pupil—"I am waiting to hear it repeat itself to me."

Cora O.—"How did this ink get all over this table?"

Mable O.—"It ran out all by itself as soon as the bottle upset."

Sow an Act, and you reap a Habit,
Sow a Habit, and you reap a Character,
Sow a Character and you reap a Destiny.

Art Student—"Miss W—— certainly

does draw well; she can change a laughing face into a sad one with a single stroke."

Other Student (thoughtfully)—"Huh, any teacher can do that."

The hungry kitten gobbled up

The editor's new paste,
And murmured, "It is nice to have
A literary taste!"

H.T.—"Did you read about the man who swallowed a teaspoon?"

H.S.—"No, what happened to him?"

H.T.—"He can't stir!"

First Student—"Miss — grumbles when it rains, when it's fine. She grumbles if it's too hot or if it freezes."

Second student—"What on earth does she like?"

First Student—"She likes to grumble."

Wisdom is knowing what to do next,
Skill is knowing how to do it—
And Virtue is doing it.

An excited English student entering an examination, whispered, "For goodness' sake tell me who wrote Gray's *Elegy*!"

Don't despair if you stumble, remember a worm is the only thing that can't fall down.

HARD LINES.

A Boat.	No Boat.
A Man.	No Man.
A Boy.	No Boy.
A Squall—	That's all.

Is it a fact or but another rumour that the Faculty is considering recommending to the Matriculation class as supplemental reading the following classical works, including the \$10,000 masterpiece, "Kidnapped at the Altar," by Laura Jean Libbey?

"Kidnapped at the Altar"	Laura J. Libbey.
"Lil—the Dancing Girl"	Laura J. Libbey.
"Aleta's Terrible Secret"	Laura J. Libbey.
"Was She Sweetheart or Wife?"	Laura J. Libbey.
"That Awful Scar"	Laura J. Libbey.
"A Fatal Elopement"	Laura J. Libbey.
"The Mystery of Suicide Place"	A. Mullers.
"Mary, the Pet of the Regiment"	Laura J. Libbey.
"Her Dark Inheritance"	Mrs. E. B. Collinor.
"Marjorie's Mistake"	Lucy R. Comfort.

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF THE TEACHERS.

Miss Maxwell—"There's no doubt in my mind."

Miss Granger—"Avez-vous des questions a poser?"

Miss Emsley—"Great, eh?"

Miss Chantler—"Wilful waste makes woeful want."

Miss Ball—"So you are enjoying poor health again to-day?"

Miss Wright—(Tuesday morning 9-9.30) "Where are the girls to-day?"

Miss Thompson—"What's wrong girls?"

"I love" can be expressed in the Greek language 1,664 different ways and when a lover has used them all, the maiden turns and asks him, "Do you really love me?"

One girl to her room-mate—"Did you hear the thunder in the night? It was awful!"

Room-mate—"Oh, goodness, no! Why didn't you wake me? You know I can't sleep when it thunders."

MORE THAN ONE WAY TO PRONOUNCE IT.

Far from the crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the works of art;
And none might tell from sight alone
In which had culture ripest grown.
The Gotham million fair to see,
The Philadelphia pedigree.
The Boston mind of azure blue,
The soulful soul from Kalamazoo,—
For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital "A."
Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke
The western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely
vace!"

Over their faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo—
But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred,
To crush the stranger with one small
word,

So deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis indeed a lovely *vaze*."
But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,
With the consciousness of two grand-
papas,

Exclaimed, "It is quite a lovely *vahs*."
And glances round with anxious thrill
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill;
But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee

And gently murmurs, "Oh, pardon me,
I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with this charming
vaux."

You will never be sorry—
For doing your level best,
For bearing before judging.
For thinking before speaking.
For standing by your principles.
For being generous to your enemy.
For promptness in keeping your promise.

"Don't you think Pope's 'Essay on
Criticism' is witty?"

"Yes, but 'Snowbound' is Whittier!"

Character is manifested in the great
moments.

But it is made in the small ones.

NOTE.

To mark your table linen—Leave M.B.
and some jam alone at the table for five
minutes.

L—"Oh, Marj, I've written a play!"

M (very bored)—"Have you?"

L—"Yes. Would you like me to read
part of it to you?"

M (sans enthusiasm)—"Yes, if you
like."

L—"The scene is a room in pitch
darkness, the curtain goes up, the win-
dow opens and as five men crawl in, the
clock strikes one—"

M (languidly)—"Which one?"

Success comes in "cans."

Failure in "can'ts."

M.O.—"Are you fond of pictures?"

P.B.—"Yes, very. I could stand and
look at them for hours. I remember one
picture I once saw that brought tears to
my eyes."

M.O.—"Was it a very pathetic pic-
ture?"

P.B.—"Not at all—I forget the sub-
ject. I was standing just underneath it
and it fell on my head!"

What is the way to grow
Unto the best we know?
What is the way to rise
Unto the best we prize?
What is the way to turn,
When we the best would learn?
It is not hard to know,
It is not far to go—
Everyone, great or small,
"Keep to the right,"—that's all.

W.H. (drinking her fourth glass of
water)—"What is it a sign of, if you
drink a lot of water, Lila?"

L.W.—"I should say, that you were
thirsty."

Teacher—"What is velocity?"

Bright Pupil—"Velocity is what a
man puts a hot plate down with."

Teacher—"What is a vacuum?"

Pupil—"I just can't explain it, but
I have it in my head."

Silence is a fine jewel for a girl, but
it is little worn.

Some of the college girls were in Tor-
onto for a week end. A number of them
got on the same street car, which was
quite crowded and possessed an irate
conductor.

"Move inside there, ye're breakin'
rules standin' on the platform here!"

"Some of them aren't," piped an O.L.
C. girl, "they're standing on my feet."

A brunette is a woman who can't see
why a man should fall in love with a
blonde.

D.R.—"Did you get any nice Xmas
presents?"

F.R.—"Yes, I had a book given to me
which deals with a most absorbing sub-
ject."

D.R.—"What 'is it about?"

F.R.—"Sponges."

If your lips would guard from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where!

There once was a young man from Crewe
Who wanted to catch the 2.2.

Said the porter, "Don't hurry,
Or scurry or flurry,
It's a minute or 2 2 2 2."

ROOM AT THE TOP.

When schooldays are left far behind you,
And into the world you then go,

Sometimes you'll feel quite discouraged,
When progress becomes rather slow;

But never lose heart for a moment,
Or out of the race you will drop;

The foot of the hill, may be crowded,

But there's plenty of room at the top.
Do not get in a groove and watch idly,

While others are forging ahead;
To try to get on is your duty,

So don't by the shirkers be led.

Just think that your work is your hobby,

Be cheerful when asked late to stop;

The worker is bound to be noticed,

And there's plenty of room at the top.
Don't work only when your chief
watches,

Such people are not worth their salt,

Nor be the first one when he's absent

To throw down your tools and say
"Halt!"

Don't be what is known as a "slacker,"

Or out you will go neck and crop;

While those who are genuine workers

Will find plenty of room at the top.

Learn all you can—every business,

It's bound to be useful some day,
And when you have gained all your
knowledge,

Don't foolishly throw it away.

Do more than required, work your hard-
est,

Toil on though you feel fit on drop.
You'll say it's worth while having
striven

When you look on the crowd from the
top.

Teacher—"In the sentence 'I have a
book,' what is the case of the pronoun
'I'?"

Student—"Nominative case."

Teacher—"Next boy, tell me in what
case to put the noun 'book'."

Next Boy (thoughtfully) — "Book
case!"

Teacher—"Somebody has been throw-
ing paper behind my back. Miss Smith,
can you tell me who it was?"

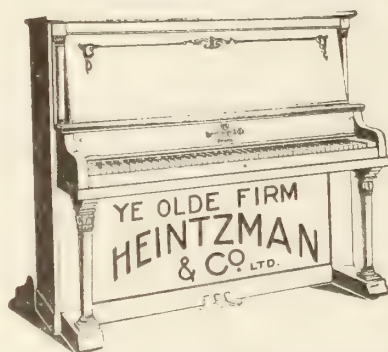
Miss Smith (who is the culprit her-
self)—"I know who it was but I hardly
like to tell."

Teacher—"A trifle too scrupulous,
perhaps, but it shows honourable feeling
on your part. You may sit down."

L. W.

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Teacher.—Translate "Rex fugit."
Latin student.—"The king flees."
Teacher.—The perfect should be translated with "has."
Latin student.—"The king has flees."

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"I have it in my head but I can't get it out."
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"I'll hand in my exercises at seven o'clock."
"I worked my problems on a piece of paper but I lost it."

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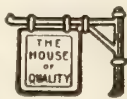
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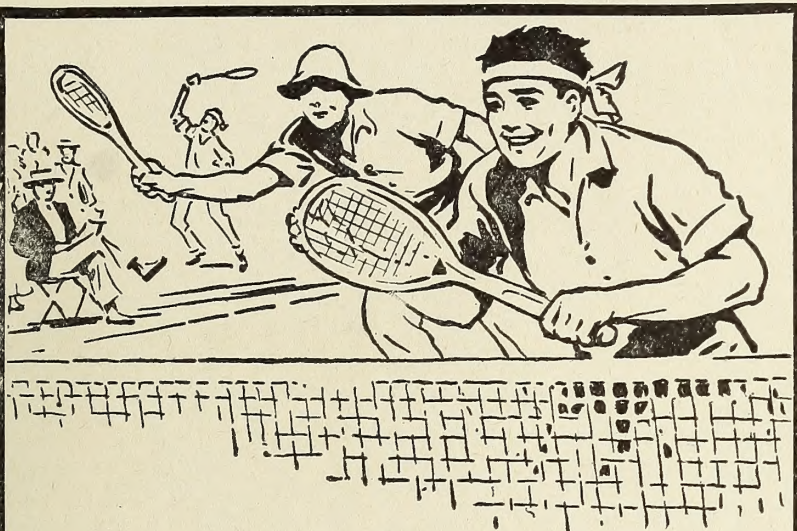
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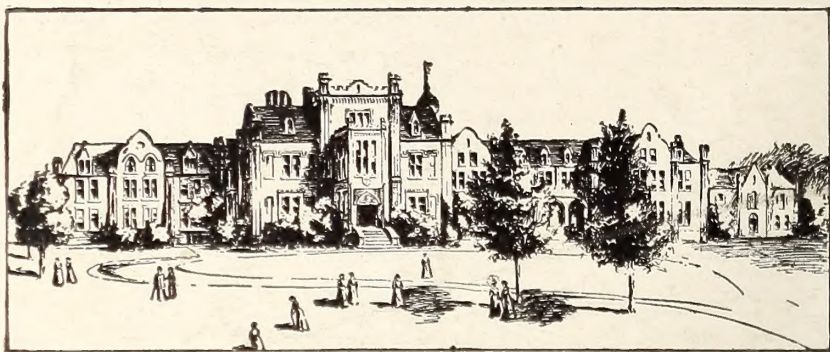
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